BV
325
.M3

NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE

TRENT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PRESENTED BY

Shell Canada Limited

CANADIAN HYMNS & HYMN WRITERS

A. WYLIE MAHON, B.D.

Canadian Hymns

AND

Hymn-Writers

BY

REV. A. WYLIE MAHON, B.D.

ST. ANDREWS-BY-THE-SEA.

BV 325 .M3

"IN hymns and psalms we have a universal ritual. It is the theology of the heart that unites men. Our very childhood is embalmed in sacred tunes and hymns."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

"HYMNS have a power over men's minds; and I do not wonder at it, for I think that many popular hymns are very beautiful, and that their authors made literature without knowing it."

MRS. ALICE MEYNELL.

"WHEN we know the favorite hymns of a man we have gained a glimpse into his inner life."

W. T. STEAD.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/canadianhymnshym0000maho

FOREWORD

ORD TENNYSON said once in answer to a friend who was trying to prevail upon him to write a hymn: "A good hymn is the most difficult thing in the world to write. In a good hymn you have to be commonplace and poetical. The moment you cease to be commonplace and put in an expression at all out of the common, it ceases to be a hymn." Perhaps the word "simple" should be substituted for "commonplace" in Tennyson's dictum. A good hymn must have simplicity of thought and expression,—simplicity of a poetical and spiritual kind. A good hymn must be simple, poetical and spiritual.

It has been said that we might as well look for a needle in a haystack, or for snakes in Ireland, as for good hymn-writers in Canada, where there is so little spiritual culture of a poetic kind, where the national ideals are so material, where the land of Beulah where cultured souls learn to sing heavenly songs is so very far off. Persons who talk in this

160386

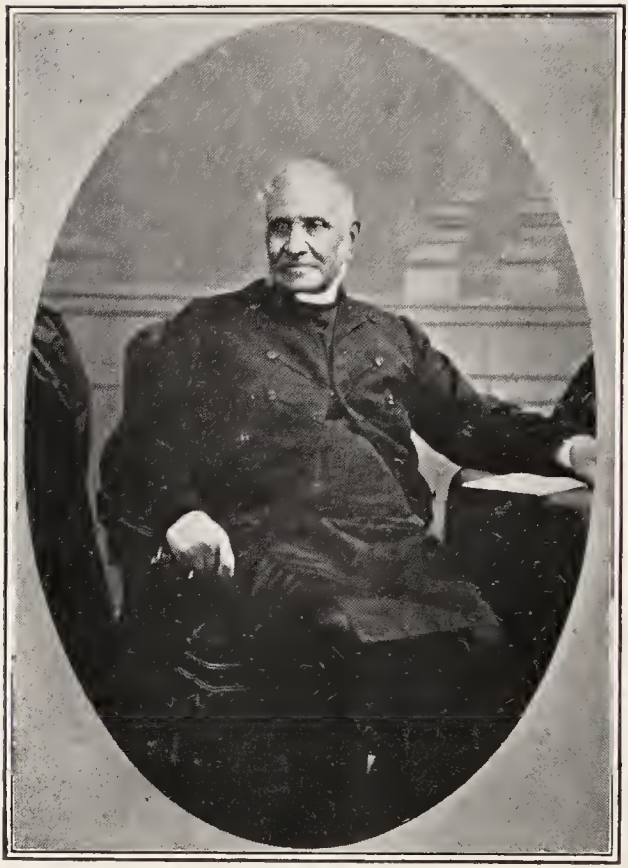
way speak unadvisedly with their lips. We have a most interesting group of Canadian hymn-writers, who have done not a little to enrich the hymnology of the Church, and whose songs are sung far beyond the bounds of this Canada of ours. The object of this little brochure is to make this fact more widely known, and to awaken a deeper interest in this most helpful department of Canadian literature.

The Manse,
St. Andrews, N. B.
November, 1908.

I.

WILLIAM BULLOCK

1797—1874



William Bullock

THE oldest of our sweet singers of sacred songs is the late Rev. William Bullock, D.D., Dean of Nova Scotia, and for many years rector of St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax, whose memory is still sacredly cherished in many places.

Dean Bullock was born in England, in 1797, and was, in early life, a sailor-boy. During a somewhat lengthened stay on the coast of Newfoundland he saw how spiritually destitute the hardy fisher-folk were, and his heart went out to them, and he longed to tell them of the One who could pilot them safely over life's tempestuous sea, and bring them at last to the heavenly haven of rest.

The sailor-boy's heart went out, also, to a lovely Christian girl who told him that she would not marry him till he had given up the sea. He loved the sea, but he loved this girl more. So the sweet constraints of heavenly love, and the sweet constraints of human love, combined to lead this sailor-boy to become a minister of the gospel.

In the first year of his ministry his congregation built for him a new church. For the dedication of this building, in 1827, the young rector wrote a hymn, which was sung from manuscript at the

consecration service. This is the hymn beginning:

We love the place, O God,
Wherein Thine honor dwells;
The joy of Thine abode
All earthly joy excels.

This hymn is to be found to-day in almost every good collection of hymns the English-speaking world over.

In 1854 Dean Bullock published a volume of choice sacred lyrics, entitled "Songs of the Church," which included this hymn, which was destined to become so popular. Seven years after the publication of this little volume a committee of forty clergymen of the Church of England, with Rev. Sir H. W. Baker as Editor-in-Chief, brought out "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," which has long held its place as the hymn-book of the Anglican Church.

Dean Bullock was greatly delighted when he learned that his favorite hymn had found a place in this collection. Sir H. W. Baker revised the hymn, which originally consisted of six verses, omitting two, and adding three of his own—the last three in the Presbyterian Book of Praise—besides making many changes in the wording of Bullock's verses.

The treatment which hymns receive at the hands of compilers reminds us of Miss Toosey's black

silk, which had been through many vicissitudes, which had been remade, and turned, and trimmed, and altered, so often that she herself could not recall what it was like in its original form. Dean Bullock did well to recognize his hymn when he saw it. The name of Sir H. W. Baker is always associated with that of the original author.

A few years ago, when a new church was being consecrated on the site of the one for the dedication service of which this beautiful hymn was written, the sermon preached by the Dean seventy years before, at the opening of the first church, was read again, and this hymn was again sung.

In a brief sketch of Dean Bullock's life, published a few years ago, a story is told of a somewhat sensational scene which occurred one Sabbath morning in his church. No sooner had he pronounced the opening words of the service, than a stranger excitedly and audibly exclaimed, "That's Bullock,—that is the man who saved my life." The stranger when a boy had been a ship-mate of young Bullock. One evening on a severe reprimand being given him, he, in a crazy fit, leaped overboard, when the ship was under full sail in mid-Atlantic. His friend Bullock went after him and held him up till a boat brought both safely back to the ship. It was a happy meeting that Sabbath morning after many years.

The Original Form of Dean Bullock's Hymn.

We love the place, O Lord,
  Wherein Thine honor dwells;
The joy of Thy abode
  All other joy excells.

We love the House of prayer,
  Wherein Thy servants meet;
For Thou, O Lord, art there,
  Thy chosen ones to greet.

We love the sacred Font
  Wherein the Holy Dove
Pours out as He is wont,
  The effluence from above.

We love our Father's board,
  Its altar steps are dear;
For there in faith adored,
  We find Thy Presence near.

We love Thy saints who come
  Thy mercy to proclaim,
To call the wanderers home,
  And magnify Thy name.

Our first and latest love
  To Zion shall be given—
The House of God above,
  On earth the Gate of Heaven.

"Songs of the Church."

II.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN

1820—1886

Joseph Scriven's House, Port Hope, Ont.

Joseph Scriven

THE HYMN "What a Friend We have in Jesus," is undoubtedly the most popular Canadian contribution to the hymnology of the church. It is indeed one of the most popular hymns ever written. Almost everybody knows it by heart. Mr. Sankey used to sing it with wonderful effect, and his testimony was that it was a greater favorite with the people than any other hymn he sang. It has been translated into as many different languages as that most popular of all Canadian books, "Beautiful Joe." It is one of the first hymns which the missionaries of nearly all churches teach their converts to sing. There is no Christian speech nor language where its voice is not heard.

The Rev. James Cleland in a most interesting little booklet on Joseph Scriven says of this hymn: "It has sung its way to millions and millions of souls, inspiring comfort and hope in the stormy passages of life. In the steerage of a steamer a traveller, returning from Europe, heard a mixed company who spoke different languages unite in singing this hymn."

In that book of infinite humor and pathos, "Cape Cod Folks," when the Superintendent of Schools, the "Turkey Mogul," as he was called, came to visit the school, or rather to give the school his periodic "blowin' up," the new teacher who was working so hard to make something of the crude material placed under her care groaned inwardly. The growl of the Superintendent was so fearsome that all the tops, and Jews-harps, and apples, and jack-knives, and fish-hooks, and other popular school merchandise disappeared in a jiffy, and the faces of the children took on a studious look; but the Superintendent soon discovered that there was nothing in their heads corresponding to the pale cast of thought in their faces as they pored over their books which were for the most part upside down. After he had told them in a most heart-rending way what he thought of them, they lifted up their voices and sang vociferously, as if to drive the thought of their official enemy out of their heads, "What a Friend We have in Jesus." The Superintendent stood with a cold supercilious grin on his face and listened to the children, who knew this hymn so much better than they did their geography lesson, and who evidently felt as they cast pitiful eyes upon the "Turkey Mogul" that he knew the geography better than he knew the hymn.

In Gospel Hymns, and in the index of Dr. Hatfield's "The Poets of the Church," the authorship of this hymn is ascribed to Dr. Horatius Bonar. This in itself indicates the high place which it holds in the hearts of Christians, for few sweeter singers of sacred song ever lived than this sweet singer of the Scottish Church. But the hymn was not written by Dr. Bonar. It was written by Joseph Scriven of Port Hope, Ontario.

For some interesting facts in the life of the author of this hymn I am indebted to the little booklet by Mr. Cleland to which I have already referred. Joseph Scriven was born in Ireland in 1820, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He came to Canada when a young man and lived for the most of his life at Port Hope, in a humble little cottage which must have contrasted strongly with the comfortable Irish home in which he had been brought up. No one knows why he came to this country and lived as he did; but it is thought that perhaps his adoption of some of the peculiar tenets of the Plymouth Brethren may have led to strained relations at home.

He was a man intensely religious, who tried to live out in a very literal way the Sermon on the Mount. He gave to him that asked and from him that would borrow he turned not away.

Mr. Ira D. Sankey in "The Story of the Gospel Hymns" gives the following incident with reference to Mr. Scriven. "One afternoon he was seen walking down the streets of Port Hope, carrying a saw-horse and a saw. A citizen, noticing that a friend recognized him, said: 'Do you know that man? What is his name and where does he live? I want some one to cut wood, and I find it difficult to get a sober man to do the work.'

'But you can't get that man,' was the reply. 'That is Mr. Scriven. He won't cut wood for you.'

'Why not?' queried the gentleman.

'Because you are able to pay for it. He only saws wood for poor widows and sick people who are unable to pay for the work."

It was while living in the neighborhood of Port Hope that he wrote the hymn, "What a Friend We have in Jesus." He made two copies of it, one of which he sent to his mother in Dublin, and the other he gave to the lady with whom he was staying at the time. Mr. Scriven published a small volume of hymns, but the one which was destined to make his name known the world over was not in that collection. It was probably not written till a later date.

What are the elements in this hymn which have contributed to its world-wide popularity? It is not the poetry which it contains, unless we

count the sweet simplicity of the words the highest expression of art. The secret of its popularity is perhaps to be found in its tender spiritual touch. It grips the heart of the world, because the world is to so many people a weary land, where true friends are few. We cannot help but feel as we read the words that Joseph Scriven wrote this hymn out of the deepest experiences of his own heart. Did his friends despise, forsake him that he left his home in Ireland and came to Canada? Did he send the hymn to his mother that she might know how satisfying his new Friend had proved? The music to which it is set—"a sacred folk song"—has no doubt contributed not a little to the popularity of the hymn.

The closing scene in the life of Joseph Scriven is painfully distressing. In failing health, and with no material means of support, and fearful that he might be a burden upon his friends, he became greatly depressed and passed away under circumstances of peculiar sadness in 1886. A friend who had taken him to his house to care for him says: "We left him about midnight. I withdrew to an adjoining room, not to sleep, but to watch and wait. You may imagine my surprise and dismay when on visiting the room I found it empty. All search failed to find any trace of the missing man, until a little after noon

the body was discovered in a water near by, lifeless and cold in death."

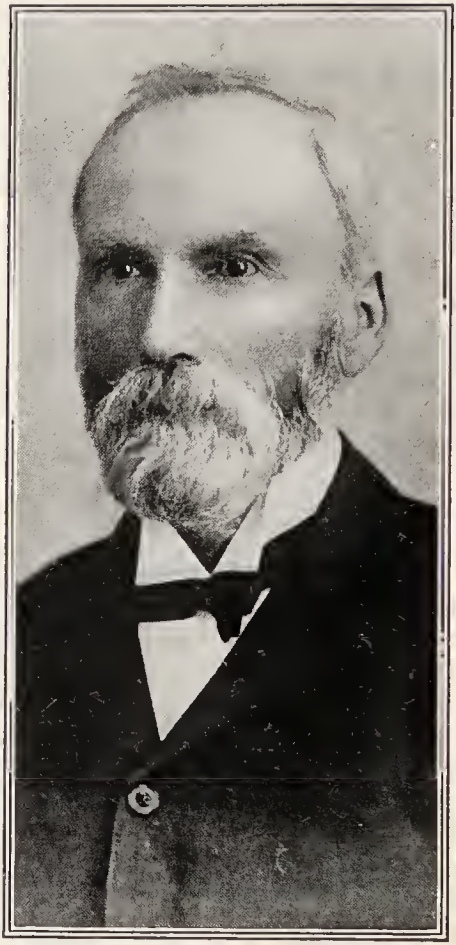
As we read the painful story of Joseph Scriven's death we think of Mrs. Browning's immortal poem on Cowper's Grave:

O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging:
O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!
And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

III.

ROBERT MURRAY

1832



Robert Murray

DR. ROBERT MURRAY, of Halifax, for over fifty years the able and accomplished editor of the "Presbyterian Witness," is a hymn-writer of whom any country might well be proud. He possesses lyrical gifts of a spiritual quality, which have enabled him to write some of the finest hymns that Canada has yet produced.

Dr. Murray was born at Earltown, a beautiful highland district a few miles north of Truro, N. S. December 25th, 1832—a valuable Christmas gift to the Church. Neil Munro says in "A Volunteer Haversack," that when "a lucky boy is born, his fairy godmother in best slippers and invisible cloak comes to his cradle with her best gift, Imagination." In early life Robert Murray gave abundant evidence that he had been liberally endowed with this great gift. The groves of Earltown were as full of fairies as the Kensington Gardens of "The Little White Bird."

He was early addicted to piety and poetry. He was no "Young Barbarian." The day of young barbarians had scarcely dawned then. This boy read theology and wrote poetry before he was ten

years old; and he has been reading theology, of an ever broadening and humanizing kind, and writing poetry ever since.

After being graduated by the Free Church College, Halifax, Dr. Murray was licensed to preach the Gospel; but it was soon evident that his pulpit was to be the press, and a most powerful and effective pulpit it has proved.

Many of Dr. Murray's hymns first appeared without anything to indicate their authorship in "The Presbytcrian Witness." The fact that they have found their way into hymnals of different churches indicates how widely their merits are recognized and singles out their author as one who has done more perhaps than any other Canadian to enrich the hymnology of the church. Six of Dr. Murray's hymns appear in the Canadian Presbyterian "Book of Praise;" two of them in the beautiful new "Hymnary" of the Scottish Churches; and three in "The Book of Common Praise," the new hymnal of the Church of England in Canada. Thirteen Canadians contribute to this choice new Church of England book, including Canon Welch of Toronto, and the late Dean Partridge, of Fredericton, but Dr. Murray's contributions exceed all others in number and in intrinsic merit.

Dr. Murray's beautiful Canadian national hymn, "From Ocean Unto Ocean," which was no doubt

suggested by the late Principal Grant's book, is a hymn of great merit, and one which is steadily growing in popularity.

From ocean unto ocean
  Our land shall own Thee Lord,
And filled with true devotion,
  Obey Thy sovereign word.
Our prairies and our mountains,
  Forests and fertile field,
Our rivers, lakes and fountains,
  To Thee shall tribute yield.

O Christ, for Thine own glory,
  And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before Thee,
  Thyself in us reveal;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
  The touch of Thy dear hand;
And healed of our diseases,
  The tempter's power withstand.

Where error smites with blindness,
  Enslaves and leads astray,
Do Thou in lovingkindness
  Proclaim Thy gospel day;
Till all the tribes and races
  That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
  Within Thy courts shall stand.

Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go;
Forth with Thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show;
Till fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord.

Dr. Robert Johnson, of the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, in a magnificent sermon on this Canada of ours, published a year or two ago, closes most effectively with Dr. Murray's hymn.

Dr. Henry van Dyke has condemned the United States National Anthem, "America," because of its provincialism of thought and imagery. It is merely a New England hymn, he says, with no glimpse of the great western and southern beyond. Dr. Murray's Canadian hymn is free from any charge of this kind. It breathes the spirit of the prairies and the mountains, forests, and fertile fields. There is nothing provincial about it. It is as broadly and grandly Canadian as it is Christian.

Dr. Murray has probably done as much through his writings as any other man in Canada to broaden the sympathies of the Christian Church, and to weaken denominational prejudices, and to lead men to realize the extent of their brotherhood. When

he assumed the editorship of the "Presbyterian Witness," nearly fifty years ago, the Presbyterian Church in Canada was divided into many branches, almost as widely separated in their sympathies as the evangelical denominations of today. Now there is but one Presbyterian Church in this country, and the greatest harmony and good-will prevail. In all of these happy unions Dr. Murray has had no small part. He has dreamed dreams and has seen inspiring visions of a still larger union, embracing all who love the one Master. His world-wide aspirations find expression in his beautiful hymn.:

Our blessed bond of union,
Thou art, O Christ, our Lord!
The rule of our communion
Is Thine own faithful word.

. . . . . .

We grasp Thy promise given,
We set before our eyes
One faith, one hope, one heaven,
One battle, and one prize.

IV.

EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART

1828—1903

Edward Hartley Dewart

DR. DEWART, who enjoys the distinction of being the most successful hymn-writer of the Methodist Church in Canada, was born in Ireland, in 1828, but came to this country when a boy, and made his home in Ontario. He was ordained to the ministry of the Methodist Church, in 1855; but his genius for journalism led to his being chosen editor of the "Christian Guardian," of Toronto, a position which he continued to occupy with marked success for twenty-five years.

We are told that his first literary effort of importance was an essay against the use of tobacco by Christians, which won for him a gold watch against a large number of competitors. Some Christians—in the ministry and out of it—have evidently not read that essay, or have not felt its arguments so convincing as to lead them to change their habits. A clergyman—I shall not say what his denominational connection—in planning a house told me that the first room taken into consideration was the smoking-room in the attic. He has evidently not read and assimilated Dr. Dewart's essay.

The hymnal of the Methodist Church in Canada contains three hymns by Dr. Dewart. His Mariner's Evening Hymn is a choice production, comparing favorably with the best hymns of this kind ever written.

Out on life's dark heaving ocean,
  Winds and waves around us rave;
In the tempest's wild commotion,
  Friend of sinners, shield and save!
Vain are all our weak endeavors—
  Thou our Guide and Helper be!
Star of Hope! in danger cheer us
  Help can only come from Thee.

When the storms of fierce temptation
  Wildly sweep across our way,
And the night of fear and sorrow
  Quenches every starry ray,
Let Thy presence, great Redeemer,
  Banish all our guilty fear;
And the joy of Thy salvation
  Every fainting spirit cheer.

When the mists of doubt and passion
  Hide the reefs and shoals from sight,
God of love protect and save us,
  Be our Refuge and our Light;
Be our sure, unerring Pilot,
  Guide us safely to the shore,
Where the waves of sin and sorrow
  Beat upon the soul no more.

Dr. Dewart took a great interest in Canadian literature, and did not a little by his appreciative reviews of Canadian books to make our best writers known. His essay on Charles Sangster, the Canadian Wordsworth, is written in a fine spirit, and is perhaps the best thing ever published on this poet who was so thoroughly Canadian in his ideals and aspirations.

Dr. Dewart's poem on The Death of Lord Tennyson is the best thing he ever wrote. It begins:

The brightest star in Britain's sky of fame
  Has passed beyond the range of mortal sight;
But on the hearts of men a deathless name
  Is graved in characters of golden light.

The Bard, whose peerless songs of life and love
  Have charmed the ills of hearts by care opprest,
Has crossed the bar—is havened safe above,
  Where life is love, and service joyous rest.

We render thanks, not tears or mournful lays,
  For him who with a manly, stainless life
Filled up the circle of his lengthened days,
  And nerved his fellows in their fateful strife.

V.

ANNA LOUISA WALKER

1836—1907

Anna Louisa Walker

SOME difficulty has been experienced in determining the authorship of the hymn, "Work, for the Night is Coming." In the first series of Gospel Hymns it was attributed to the Rev. Sydney Dyer, a Baptist minister of the American church, the author of several popular hymns; but this writer very promptly disclaimed any right to the honor.

In a little volume of poetry, entitled "Leaves from the Backwoods," published in Montreal by John Lovell, in 1861, this hymn is to be found; and written into the title page of the copy now in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa is the name, "Louisa Walker." In many hymnals the author's name is given as "Anna L. Coghill." The explanation is that Miss Walker married Mr. Coghill.

From certain biographical hints contained in the little volume "Leaves from the Backwoods," I conclude that Miss Walker was born in England and came in early life to Canada. Through the kindness of a friend in Sarnia, Ontario, I learn that Miss Walker's father, who was a civil engineer or railway contractor, first settled at Point Levis, Quebec, where he made the acquaintance of Rev.

D. Anderson, minister of the Presbyterian Church at that place. Mr. Anderson's name appears in the list of advance subscribers to "Leaves from the Backwoods." So also does the name of Mr. C. J. Bridges, which suggests Mr. Walker's connection with the Grand Trunk Railway.

In following the construction work of the Grand Trunk westward Mr. Walker finally settled in Sarnia, in 1858. His three daughters, of whom Anna Louisa was the youngest, kept a private school for young ladies. After a few years the two older sisters died and the school was closed.

A lady who was a pupil in this school gives the following description of the three sisters: "They were very English, very dignified, and somewhat exclusive, but were excellent teachers, especially in the departments of history and English literature. Anna was the youngest and best looking of the three sisters. At times her face had a pensive and somewhat dreamy expression. Her manner was gentle and sweet."

In "The Book of Common Praise," the new Hymnal of the Church of England in Canada, Miss Walker is said to have been born in 1836 and to have died in 1907.

In one of her poems she describes the joy and beauty which she found in this new world.

The sky was cloudless of that loveliest blue,
Not dark, but light like the bright forget-me-not,
That jewel of the hedgerows.
And then our river! How I love to watch
Its dancing, rippling waters, and to-day
They had an added dower of loveliness.
All over the bright surface, deeply blue,
Glittered and sparkled with a thousand rays,
Gems, coronals, and chains of broken ice.

In some of the poems there is a touch of humor, as in the one dedicated to the convention of Women's Rights, and prefaced with the following lines from Punch:

Our husbands they may scold or snore,
Or bake, or fry, or stew;
While we this man-spoiled world restore
And make it good as new.

Her poems embrace a very wide range of subjects, classical and literary, indicating a broad culture on her part. And the long list of names of advance subscribers appended to the volume, would lead us to conclude that Miss Walker's friends were many, not only in the backwoods of Canada, but also in Great Britain, and in the United States. Over twenty clergymen's names appear in the list.

Miss Walker wrote many more ambitious pieces than the little hymn, "Work, for the Night is Coming," but it is as the author of this hymn that

she is remembered. W. T. Stead in his book, "Hymns that Have Helped," tells that, some years ago, when an English School Board was grappling with the troublesome question, which will never down, of religious education in the schools, a local disciple of Bradlaugh, the infidel, subjected Sankey's hymns to a critical examination, with the result that this hymn, "Work, for the Night is Coming," was declared to be the only hymn in the book that could be used in the schools without giving offence to anybody. This may not be a very high recommendation of the hymn. The woe pronounced upon persons of whom all men speak well, is very likely to fall heavily upon hymns which appeal equally to Christians and infidels. Still there is some hope for the world,—even for those who have drifted farthest away from God,— when they are satisfied to sing a hymn like this, which is so full of the healthy gospel of work.

Work, for the night is coming!
  Work through the sunny noon;
Fill the bright hours with labor;
  Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
  Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
  When man works no more.

VI.

SILAS TERTIUS RAND

1810—1890

Silas Tertius Rand

DR. RAND was born in 1810, in Kings county, Nova Scotia, not far from the scene immortalized by Longfellow's "Evangeline." When a young man he learned the trade of a stone-mason; but his wonderfully active intellect hungered for knowledge, and although he was very poor he determined, when twenty-three years of age, to go to Horton Academy. He used to tell in a very amusing way about his first lesson in Latin. He heard a fellow-student the first night he was at school repeating over and over again, "The words 'opus' and 'usus' signifying 'need', require the ablative case, as, 'Est opus pecunia,' 'There is need of money'." Rand felt that the Latin language had very quickly found him out, and knew how to give expression to his financial circumstances. Sure enough, there was need of money in his case, as well as in the Latin ablative case. All through a most devoted and laborious life he would laughingly say that "est opus pecunia" was an illustration of the Rand case.

I do not believe that there is anything more marvellous in the educational history of Canada,

than Dr. Rand's genius for languages. He mastered Micmac so completely, that he prepared a grammar and a dictionary of the language, the latter of which the Dominion Government printed. His diary contains page after page in French and Latin and Greek and Hebrew and Micmac and shorthand. On one page there is a hymn translated first into French, then into Latin, and then into Greek.

Mr. Gladstone himself used to while away some dreary hours in the House of Commons, when uninteresting members were persisting in making uninteresting speeches, translating English hymns into Latin, and he felt quite proud of his translation of Rock of Ages; but after receiving Dr. Rand's version of that beautiful hymn, he wrote to the Micmac missionary, congratulating him on succeeding better than himself in rendering Toplady's great hymn into Latin.

So distinguished as a linguist did Dr. Rand become, that Queen's University, Kingston, conferred upon him the degree of D.D., and Acadia College, Wolfville, made him an LL.D., and King's College, Windsor, a D.C.L.

He wrote many hymns, as well as many translations. The following is the opening stanza of one of his hymns in the Canadian Baptist Hymnal:

Jesus, my Lord, my God,
  Redeemer blest;
Who saved me by Thy blood,
  And gave me rest:
I lift my heart to Thee,
That I may nearer be,
Lord Jesus, nearer Thee,
  Still nearer Thee.

Dr. Robert Murray, of the Presbyterian Witness, in speaking of Dr. Rand says: "He was a poet. His Latin translations show marvellous aptitude and resource. Some are worthy of the poet-saints of the Middle Ages, who breathed their fears, their faith, and their sorrows into lyrics that cannot die."

No finer tribute to the memory of this heroic man of God was ever written than Dr. T. H. Rand's sonnet in which these lines occur:

Whene'er thy eager step the threshold crost,
Imagination all its plumes uptost
  To follow where thy spirit led the way!—
  The sense that thou saw'st God when thou didst pray
I never through the dimming years have lost.

In the cemetery at Hantsport, N. S., stands a red granite monument bearing this inscription:

DR. RAND,
MICMAC MISSIONARY,
Fell asleep Oct. 4, 1890.
Aged 80 years.

DR. RAND'S LATIN TRANSLATION OF "ROCK OF AGES."

Rupes Saeculorum, Te,
Pro me fissa, condam me!
Aquae Fons et sanguinis,
Duplex tui lateris,
Scelerum purgatio
Sit, et expiatio.

Nunquam possim exsequi,
Tua lex quae mandet mi;
Quamvis strenuus semper sim.
Atque semper fleverim,
Hoc nil expiaverit;
In Te solo salus sit.

Nil in manu tulero;
Tuae cruci haereo;
Vestes mihi nudo des,
Inopemque subleves;
Fonti foedus advolo;
Nisi laves pereo.

Dum vitalem haurio vim,
Cumque moribundus sim,
Quum per stellas evolem,—
Ante tuum thronum stem,
Rupes Saeculorum, Te,
Pro me fissa, condam me.

VII.

CHARLES INNIS CAMERON

1837—1879

Charles Innis Cameron

IN the Canadian Presbyterian Book of Praise there is one hymn, a very beautiful one, by the Rev. Charles Innis Cameron.

Oh, fair the gleams of glory,
And bright the scenes of mirth
That lighten human story
And cheer this weary earth;
But richer far our treasure
With whom the Spirit dwells,
Ours, ours in heavenly measure
The glory that excels.

The lamplight faintly gleameth
Where shines the noonday ray;
From Jesus' face there beameth
Light of a sevenfold day;
And earth's pale lights all faded,
The light from heaven dispels;
But shines for aye unshaded
The glory that excels.

No broken cisterns need they
Who drink from living rills;
No other music heed they
Whom God's own music thrills.

Earth's precious things are tasteless,
Its boisterous mirth repels,
Where flows in measure wasteless
The glory that excels.

Since on our life descended
Those beams of light and love
Our steps have heavenward tended,
Our eyes have looked above,
Till through the clouds concealing
The home where glory dwells
Our Jesus comes revealing
The glory that excels.

The author of this hymn was born in Scotland in 1837, but came to Canada when a boy, and studied at Queen's University, Kingston. At the close of the session of that college, in 1863, Mr. Cameron read a poem entitled, "Day Dreams and Purposes," which reveals poetic talent of no mean order. The spring-time of nature when life,—

Swells in the maple's bursting leaf,
Trills in the robin's morning glee,

suggests a vision of the spring-time of life when,—

A magic loveliness surrounds
The fairy landscape near and far.

The vision is bright and beautiful in the spring-time of life, and the college boy loves to build castles in the air, and get some pleasure out of dreams so sweet; but life is something more than a dream, and the poet goes on to picture the strenuous side of what he sees,—

The mount of life before us lies—
  True life of noble thoughts and deeds;
  Peak beyond peak in light recedes,
Summit o'er summit seeks the skies.

The good and great of other times,
  Who climbed those heights and drank those streams.
  And bask immortal in the beams
All glorious of unfading climes,

Have left their footprints on the road,
  Rugged and rough, which upward leads,
  To teach us by their godlike deeds
How we may gain that blest abode.

After leaving college, Mr. Cameron visited India and New Zealand, but in due time found his way back to this Canada which he loved so dearly. He became pastor of Mackay church, Ottawa, where he died in 1879. He was buried in Kingston, the late Principal Grant of Queen's, who was one of Mr. Cameron's dearest friends, conducting the funeral service.

A few years ago, a tablet to his memory was placed in Mackay church, Ottawa, to which he was ministering at the time of his death. It bears the following inscription:

"He was vigorous in intellect, fervent in spirit, devoted to duty, loyal to Christ and His church. As the author of Hymn 347 in the Presbyterian Book of Praise he displayed great poetic gifts."

At the time of Mr. Cameron's death a little volume of poems and hymns—including the one contained in the Presbyterian Book of Praise, and also "Day Dreams and Purposes," from which I have quoted, was in the hands of the publisher. This volume contains some very beautiful sacred lyrics.

VIII.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

1861

Frederick George Scott

OUR best-known Canadian poets have not contributed much to the hymnology of the church; but we need not be surprised at this when we remember how little the world's great poets have done in this interesting department of literature. Neither Tennyson nor Browning, although both were profoundly religious in their conceptions of life, ever wrote a popular hymn. "Crossing the Bar," and the Prelude to "In Memoriam," have found their way into some hymnals, but they are both lacking in the simplicity of thought and expression essential to a work of this kind. Even Longfellow, the poet of sweetness and light, of simplicity and spirituality, never wrote a good hymn.

Amongst our Canadian poets the Rev. Frederick George Scott, Canon of Quebec, and Rector of St. Matthew's Church in that City, has succeeded best as a hymn-writer. His latest volume of poetry is named for his "Hymn of Empire," which has become so popular since Mr. Chamberlain quoted it in his celebrated Oxford speech. It is patriotic, imperialistic, like Kipling's "Recessional,"

but not quite suitable for church purposes, although it was confidently believed by many that it would be included in the new hymnal of the Church of England in Canada. It is not in the final draft of that choice collection, which contains such poems as the "Recessional," and "Crossing the Bar."

Two of Canon Scott's hymns, however, find a place in this new hymnal. The following is one of them:

Cast thy care on Jesus,
  Make Him now thy friend,
Tell Him all thy troubles,
  Trust Him to the end;
He is Man and Brother,
  He is Lord and God,
And the way of sorrows
  Is the path He trod.

Cast thy care on Jesus,
  Nothing is too small
For His vast compassion,
  He can feel for all;
In the gloom and darkness
  Clasp His living hand,
He will guide and cheer thee
  Through the desert land.

Cast thy care on Jesus,
Tell Him all thy sin,
All thy fierce temptations
And the wrong within;
He Himself was tempted,
And He pleads above
For the soul that asketh
Pardon through His love.

Cast thy care on Jesus,
What is death to those
Who in deep submission
On his love repose;
But a short step further,
Nearer to His side,
Where their eyes shall see Him
And be satisfied.

This hymn is very beautiful in its sweet simplicity of expression and suitability for church purposes.

In no form of verse has Canon Scott done better work than in the sonnet. Dr. O'Hagan in his essay on Canadian poets says that if ever there is a volume of Canadian sonnets compiled the strong and artistic work of this author will occupy a foremost place. His beautiful sonnet on the return of the Canadian troops from South Africa is worthy of a place amongst the best work of the kind in modern literature.

The seal set on our nationhood, are these
Strong men returning victors from the war;
Up to the battle's very front they bore
Our country's honour, till with every breeze
Fame sang their valour round the seven seas.
For us they braved death in the cannon's roar,
For us their comrades died and nevermore
Will see the loved homes 'neath our maple trees.
Throw wide thy gates, O Canada, throw wide
The portals of thy gratitude; these men
Have roused the God in us. Now cast aside
All littleness of aim. With courage high
And loftier purpose, to thy tasks again,
And carve thine own illustrious destiny.

Canon Scott can do more than write poetry and preach sermons. A few years ago he succeeded in rescuing a man from drowning at Quebec, for which he was presented with the gold medal of the Royal Canadian Humane Association.

Date Due

FEB 14 1972

CAT. NO. 23 233 PRINTED IN U.S.A.

BV 325 .M3
Mahon, A. Wylie
Canadian hymns and hymn writer
010101 000
0 1163 0188284 5
TRENT UNIVERSITY

BV325 .M3
Mahon, Alexander Wylie
Canadian hymns and hymn writers

DATE	ISSUED TO
[illegible] 1972	160386 (PTST)

160386